

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

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JANUARY

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BIG SHOT

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YEAR, KIDS!



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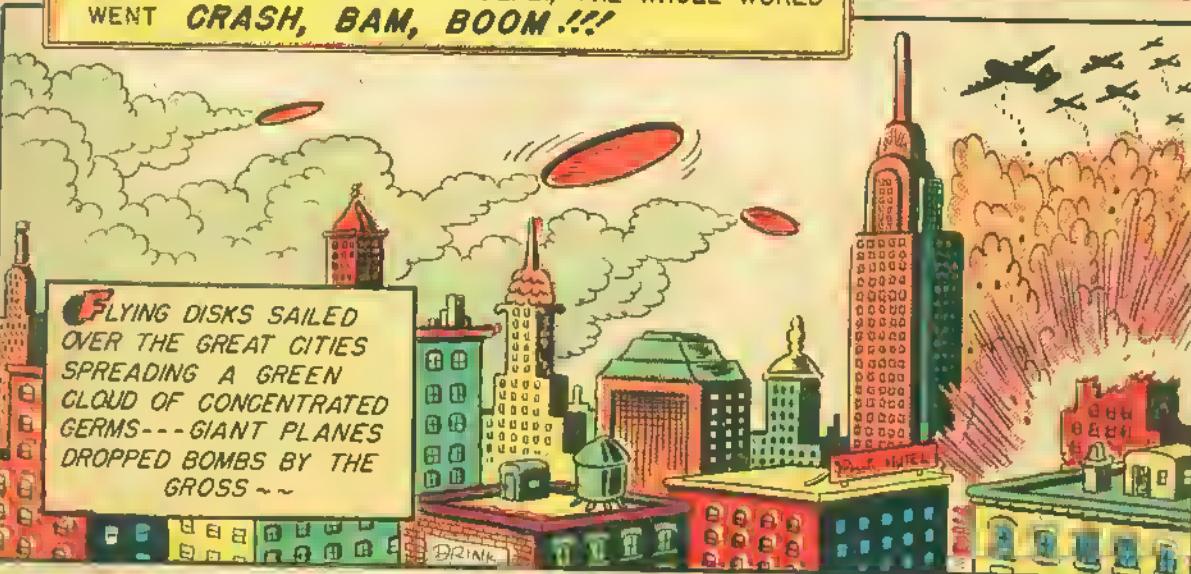
MARTINS-DAVID CO., DEPT. 52A

179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

SPARKY Watts

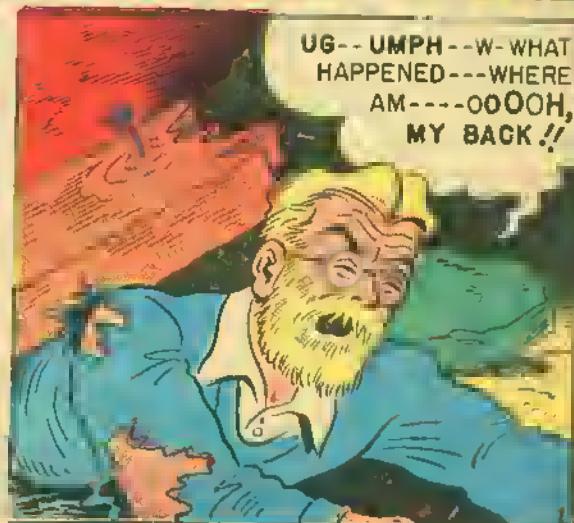


WHEN DOTTY DASH DECLARED SHE 'WOULDN'T MARRY SPARKY IF HE WERE *THE LAST MAN ON EARTH*, SPARKY DECIDED TO WRITE A BOOK BY THE SAME TITLE----SO HE TOOK HIS TRUSTY TYPEWRITER AND REARED BACK TO THINK OF A PLOT---- SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE WORLD WENT *CRASH, BAM, BOOM!!!*



AFTER WEEKS OF ATOM EXPLOSIONS, FIRE AND DEVASTATION---THE DUST SETTLES---AND ALL IS QUIET--- ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT A GREAT BIG---

GROAN!



BIG SHOT

NOW I REMEMBER---SOME INSANE COUNTRY IS ATTACKING AMERICA---I'VE GOT TO TRY AND HELP--- I'VE--- WHAT'S THIS!?
I'M COVEREO WITH FUR !?



I'VE---I'VE GROWN A BEARO! THAT MEANS I'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR MANY DAYS---AND EVERYTHING IS A TOTAL WRECK---I'M---
I'M TOO LATE !!



JUST BEFORE I WAS KNOCKED COLD I SAW A BUZ BOMB HIT DOC STATIC'S HOUSE---AND OOC, OOTTY, SLAP HAPPY, LITTLE JUMBO AND CHUCK WERE INSIDE ----



POOR FRIENDS---THEY NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM---SOB---
HERE'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF GOOD OL' SLAP HAPPY----HIS
RIGHT SHOE !



HERE'S DOC'S SPECTACLES--THEIR POOR BODIES WERE UNDOUBTEDLY BLOWN INTO A BILLION TINY PIECES---IT'S A MIRACLE THAT EVEN THIS MUCH WAS LEFT !!



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TO GIVE WHAT REMAINS A DECENT FUNERAL--GOODBYE, DEAR FRIENDS--AND REST WELL WHEREVER YOU MAY BE !



BIG SHOT

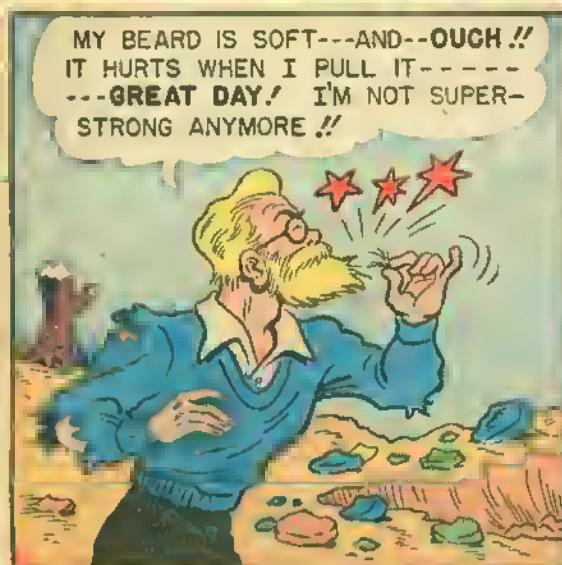
I'VE GOTTA HURRY---THERE
MUST BE MILLIONS OF INJURED
PEOPLE WHO NEED HELP! NEW
YORK CITY IS ONLY THIRTY
MILES---I'LL GO THERE
FIRST!



PUFF--PUFF-- W-WHAT'S
WRONG! I CAN'T RUN
FAST--AND I'M ALREADY
EXHAUSTED!!?



MY BEARD IS SOFT---AND--OUCH!!
IT HURTS WHEN I PULL IT-----
---GREAT DAY! I'M NOT SUPER-
STRONG ANYMORE!!



THE RADIO-ACTIVITY FROM THE
ATOM BOMBS MUST HAVE NEUTRALIZED
MY COSMIC RAYS----- I'M JUST AN
EVERY DAY, ORDINARY MAN AGAIN!!



IF EVER I NEED TO BE
FULL OF COSMIC RAYS IT'S
RIGHT NOW---I'LL NEED
PLENTY OF STRENGTH TO
FIGHT THE MANIACS WHO
ARE INVADING OUR
COUNTRY!!



HOURS
LATER--



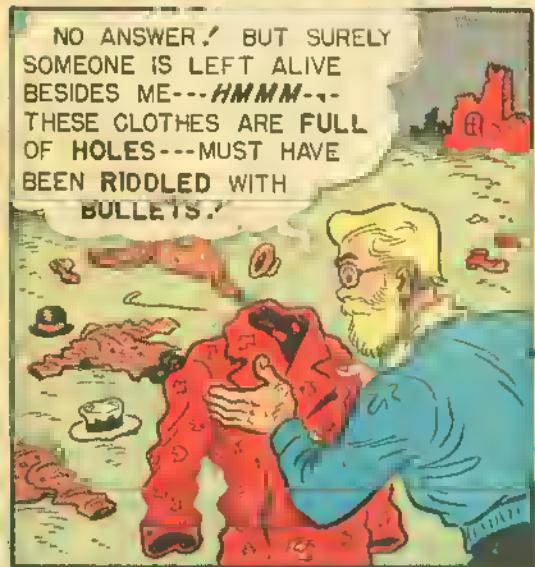
THIS IS NEW YORK---OR WHAT'S LEFT
OF IT---THERE'S NOTHING BUT EMPTY
CLOTHES AND RUBBLE---

BIG SHOT

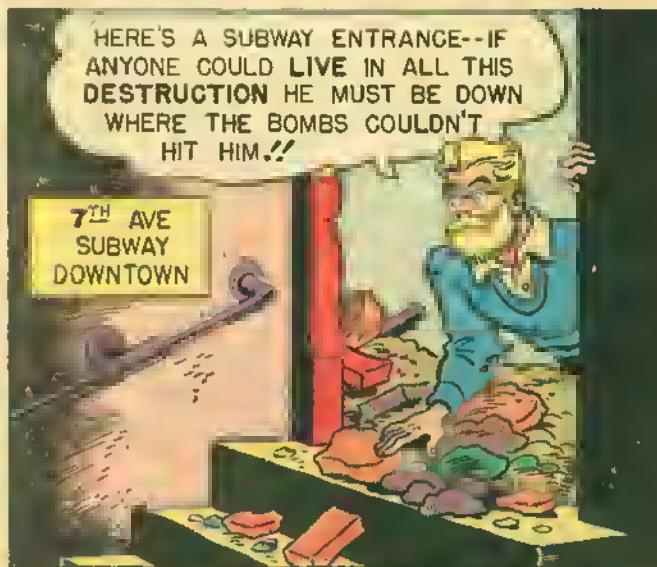
HELLO!! I'M A FRIEND!
IF ANYBODY IS ALIVE, ANSWER
ME!!



NO ANSWER! BUT SURELY
SOMEONE IS LEFT ALIVE
BESIDES ME---HMM---
THESE CLOTHES ARE FULL
OF HOLES---MUST HAVE
BEEN RIDDLED WITH
BULLETS!



HERE'S A SUBWAY ENTRANCE--IF
ANYONE COULD LIVE IN ALL THIS
DESTRUCTION HE MUST BE DOWN
WHERE THE BOMBS COULDN'T
HIT HIM!!



YES---
HERE'S A
TRAIN AND
IT'S FULL OF
PEOPLE!



HEY---IS EVERYONE
OKAY---GULP---THE
CLOTHES ARE ALL
EMPTY LIKE THEY
ARE UP ABOVE??



BIG SHOT

AND THEY'RE FULL OF HOLES LIKE THEY ARE ABOVE GROUND---
---ONLY LARGER !!



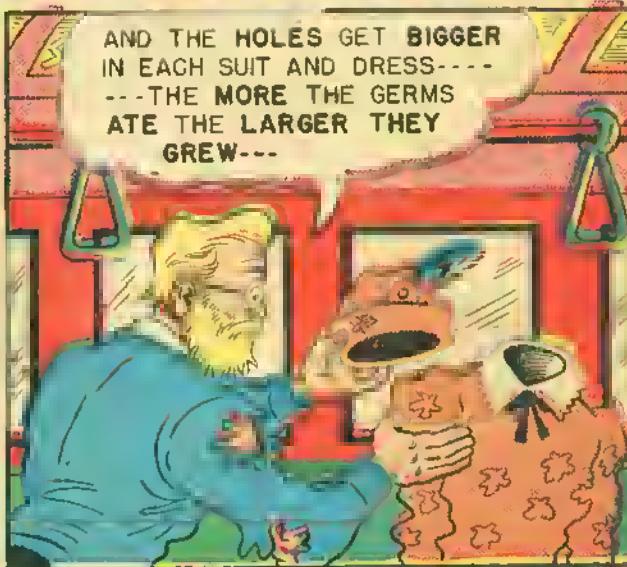
BUT IF THEY WERE MADE BY BULLETS WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE --- **GUP** --- THESE HOLES LOOK LIKE THEY WERE MADE BY MOTHS --- OR BUGS OF SOME KIND !??



HOLY SOCKS ! NOW I GET IT !! WHOEVER ATTACKED US USED GERM WARFARE ! THESE HOLES WERE MADE BY SOME TYPE OF GERM-BUG, AND THEY HAVE EATEN THE PEOPLE RIGHT OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES !!



AND THE HOLES GET BIGGER IN EACH SUIT AND DRESS---
--- THE MORE THE GERMS ATE THE LARGER THEY GREW---

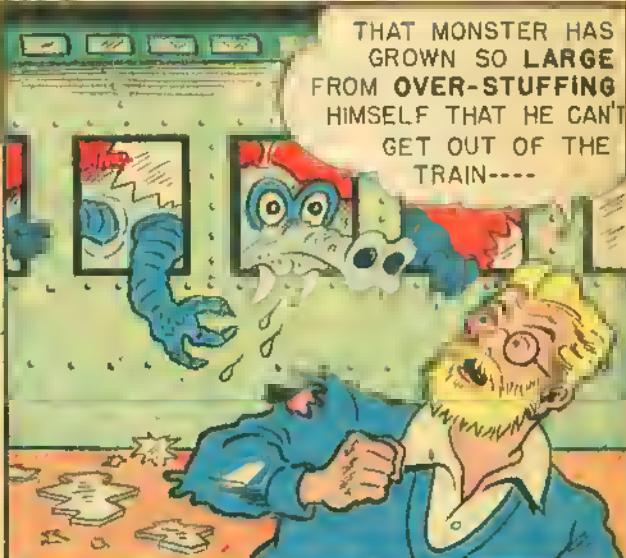


WOW ! LOOK AT THAT HOLE --- THE VARMINT MUST BE THE SIZE OF A LION !!



BIG SHOT

THAT MONSTER HAS GROWN SO LARGE FROM OVER-STUFFING HIMSELF THAT HE CAN'T GET OUT OF THE TRAIN-----



IT'S PROBABLY AN HONOR TO BE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH --BUT SOME HOW, I CAN'T SEE ANY GLORY IN BEING SERVEO AS THE FINAL TILOBIT AT A BANQUET FOR A GANG OF BUGS!!

NEXT ISSUE---ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES.. 6

DANE DUGAN

By McEVoy and STRIMBEL

AFTER CHECKING ON THE PRODUCERS JUD FOUND OUT THAT THE SHOW PA IS BACKING IS ON THE LEVEL



MR. DUGAN WILL GO DOWN IN STAGE HISTORY AS THE ONLY TRUE ANGEL TO HIT NEW YORK - HE'LL BE GIVING A LOT OF HAS-BEENS A CHANCE TO STRUT THEIR STUFF AS IF IT THE EXPENSE OF LOSING HIS SHIRT

MY SHIRT!
GOLLY-MINE TOO!

PA IS BACKING A SHOW WITH MA'S MONEY

HE COULD BE PINCHED FOR MY FUNDS - FUNDS, YOU MEAN
WHY DID HE RENT A THEATRE SO FAR DOWN-TOWN?
HE'S A LITTLE PINCHED FOR MY FUNDS - FUNDS, YOU MEAN



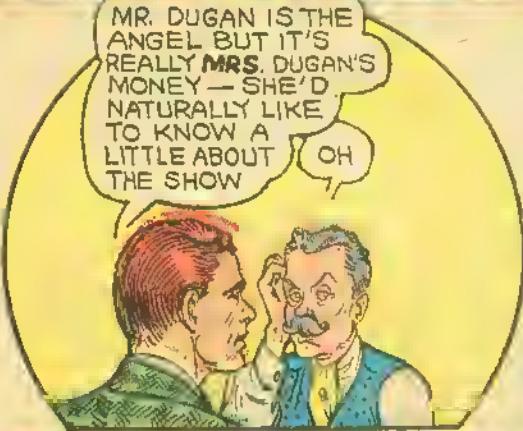
BIG SHOT

AH - MR. BRADLEY,
COME IN! COME IN!



WE'RE PROUD TO
MEET TH' FAMILY
OF TH' MAN WHO
IS SO GRACIOUSLY
BACKING OUR
SHOW
WITHOUT A
PATRON OF
THE ARTS
WHAT IS TO
BECOME
OF THE
THEATRE? IF
IT FLOPS
WHAT IS
TO BECOME
OF THE
FAMILY?

MR. DUGAN IS THE
ANGEL BUT IT'S
REALLY **MRS.** DUGAN'S
MONEY — SHE'D
NATURALLY LIKE
TO KNOW A
LITTLE ABOUT OH
THE SHOW



IT'S A MUSICAL REVUE — **THE
HAS-BEENS OF 1949** — OF
COURSE WE ONLY HAVE A
PIANO PLAYER — AND THOSE
OLD BOYS ON STAGE ARE
"ACTS" — **EVERYBODY**
COOPERATES

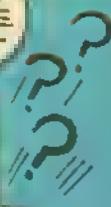


AND DON'T FORGET OPENING SEE YOU
NIGHT — WE DON'T EXACTLY LATER
KNOW IT YET, OURSELVES,
BUT WE'LL LET YOU
KNOW



"THE HAS-BEENS
OF 1949" HUH!
WHAT A LAUGH!
WHOLE PA — A NEW
IDEA, MA —
PRODUCER
AND A HAS-
BEEN, ALL
IN ONE
SHOW —
I RATHER
LIKE THE
WHOLE
IDEA, MA —
OF COURSE I
DON'T APPROVE
OF PA'S USING
ALL YOUR
MONEY —

I WAS THINKING OF THE
SAME THING, DIXIE — THE
WHOLE IDEA IS SO **COCK-EYED** IT'S LIABLE TO
BE TERRIFIC



I MEANT IT WHEN
I SAID I WANTED TO
HELP — MAY I BRING
A FRIEND OVER TO
YOUR APARTMENT?
HOLY
ANYTHING!
ANYTHING
AT ALL, MR.
BRADLEY

WE'LL BE
THERE ALL
EVENING



BIG SHOT

THIS IS JOE THE COLUMNIST? OPENING NIGHT
JOHNSON OH SURE - I'VE OF YOUR MOTHERS
MET YOU FIRST SHOW-
HER DESIGNS AND
WERE FLAWLESS SO WERE
YOUR
COMMENTS, MR.
JOHNSON
COME IN

THIS IS MR. DUGAN, JOE - HE'S BACKING THIS REVUE OF OLD TIMERS AND - I WANT TO HEAR HIM TELL IT HAVE A CHAIR

AFTER
PA
TOLD
HOW
HE'S
BACKING
A SHOW
CALLED
*THE
HAS-
BEENS
OF
1949 *

JOE — WHAT HE'S
REALLY DOING IS
GIVING A LOT OF
OLD TIMERS A
BREAK WHO
THOUGHT THEY
WERE THROUGH

THANKS, JOE — THANK YOU
YOUR COLUMN FOR THE TIP
WILL DO IT AN — PHILANTH-
AWFUL LOT ROPISTS IN
OF GOOD SHOW BUSINESS
ARE RARE THESE
DAYS

HEY—LOOK—
I'M IN TH' PAPER!!

HAVE YOU HEARD?
MRS. DUGAN MARRIED
AN ANGEL? ONLY THIS
ANGEL HAS WINGS.
MRS. DUGAN'S HUSBAND
SHOWS

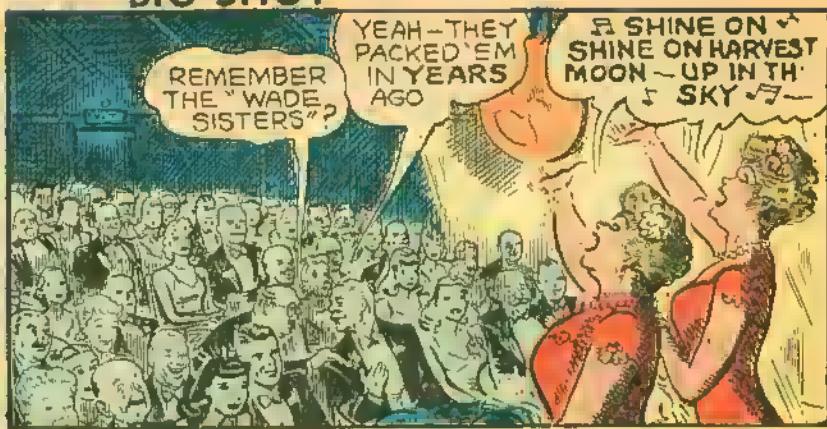
MRS. DUGAN
AN ANGEL? ONLY
ANGEL REALLY HAS WINGS.
MR. TIMOTHY DUGAN, HUSBAND
OF DESIGNER DUGAN, SHOWS
SOME OF BROADWAY'S HARD-
BOILED SOPHISTICATES HOW
IT'S DONE.
SATURDAY NIGHT HIS SHOW,
"THE HAS-BEENS OF 1949"
OPENS IN AN ABANDONED
MOVIE HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE
TO GET TO THIS PLACE WILL
BE A TREASURE HUNT.
MIGHT BE A JOLLY BLA.
BLA....BLA....BLA.

LOOKIT—BROADWAY'S I WISH
FIRST NIGHTERS TH' DUGANS
POURIN' IN WOULD HURRY
UP! 

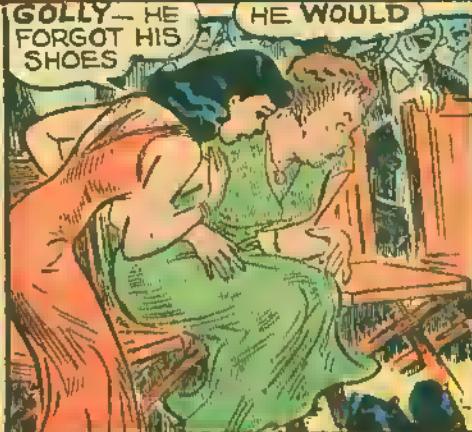
S'ABOUT TIME, DUGAN — CURTAIN IN A SECOND

BIG SHOT

PA
DUGAN'S
HAS
BEENS
OF
1949
16
HIT
!!

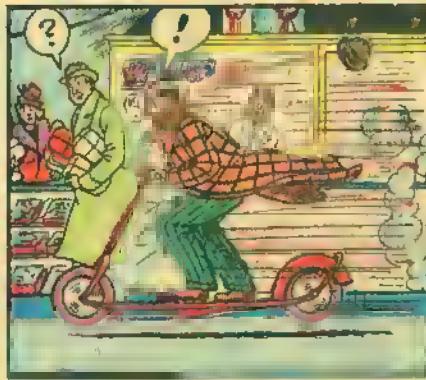


AFTER THE FINAL CURTAIN -



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

WHAT HAS NOCKIE NOONAN INVENTED THIS TIME, MICKEY? I SAW HIM GO IN TO SEE PHIL!

IT'S A SOLUTION TO KILL FLEAS! BUT I THINK UNCLE PHIL KNOWS ENOUGH NOT TO LISTEN TO HIM NOW!

I KNOW YOU HAVE A DOG, PHIL—AND I WANT YOU TO PROVE TO YOURSELF HOW FAST IT WORKS!

I LOVE MY DOG, NOCKIE—YOU'RE SURE THERE'S NOTHIN' IN IT THAT WOULD HURT HIM?

OKAY, NOCKIE! I'LL TAKE IT HOME AND TRY IT ON HIM TONIGHT!

POSITIVELY! IN FACT, IT WILL MAKE HIS HAIR SHINE BEAUTIFULLY!



NOW LISTEN, UNCLE PHIL—YOU KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED EVERY TIME THAT YOU'VE FOOLED AROUND WITH ONE OF HIS CRAZY INVENTIONS!

THIS MAY BE THE TIME THAT HE'S REALLY GOT SOMETHING—AND IF IT IS, I WANT TO BE IN ON IT!

WHY BE SO STUBBORN, PHILIP? SUPPOSE IT KILLS ALL THE HAIR ON HIM, TOO?

IT'S GUARANTEED NOT TO HURT HIM! NOW GO UPSTAIRS AND LEAVE US ALONE!



BY GOLLY, FIDO! IT'S WONDERFUL—IT SURE KILLS 'EM DEAD!

WELL, I JUST HOPE YOU DON'T REGRET IT!

REGRET IT? I'M TELLIN' YOU IT'S GOIN' TO EARN US MILLIONS! I'M GOIN' RIGHT OVER AND MAKE SURE THAT NOCKIE HAS IT PATENTED!



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

MICKEY—I JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE THAT PHIL HAS LOST HIS CORPORATION.—HAS HE BEEN ON A DIET?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF, SERGEANT—I HADN'T NOTICED THAT HE'D GOTTEN ANY THINNER!

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DIDN'T SEE THAT YOU WERE LOSING IT,

YOU JUST HAVEN'T BEEN VERY OBSERVING, MICHAEL! I'VE BEEN TAKIN' BENDING EXERCISES AND CUTTIN' DOWN ON MY FOOD!

IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE THAT WE HAVEN'T NOTICED IT BEFORE, SERGEANT—WE'VE SEEN HIM EVERY DAY!

THAT MAY BE THE ANSWER, MIC—WHEN YOU'RE AROUND A PERSON ALL THE TIME, IT'S EASY TO MISS A GRADUAL CHANGE!

I KNOW—BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD TO TAKE OFF A STOMACH LIKE HE HAD, SO FAST—AT HIS AGE!

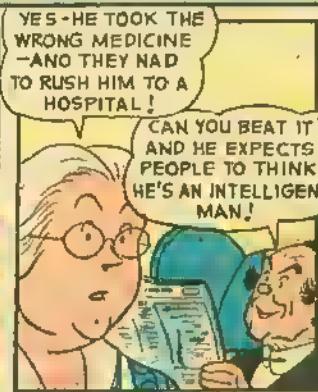
WELL, APPARENTLY HE HASN'T HAD ANY BAD EFFECTS—SO I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT!



BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

THE HOUSING SITUATION
IS TERRIBLE...



I'M LUCKY TO
BE LIVING IN
A TREE!



55



AH! THERE'S A
NICE CHRISTMAS
TREE!



HEV! CUT
THAT OUT!



BIG SHOT

WHO SAID
THAT!!!



NOBODY AROUND EXCEPT
ME AND THE TREE... MUST
BE MY IMAGINATION...



YOU HEARD ME!!
CUT THAT OUT!!!



WHAT YOU
DOING, MISTER?

CHOPPING
DOWN A
CHRISTMAS
TREE?

OH... SO
IT WAS
YOU
KIDS!



STOPPIT!
I SAID,
STOPPIT!

HA! HA! THAT'S
SOME TRICK YOU
KIDS HAVE OF
THROWING YOUR
VOICE!



STOP!... AW,
WHAT'S
THE USE?

CHOP!
CHOP!

BIG SHOT

CAN WE HELP YOU CARRY THE CHRISTMAS TREE HOME, EH, MISTER?

HMM... I'LL STICK WITH THIS GANG —AND SOLVE MY HOUSING PROBLEM!



IT'S SNOWING TOO HARD—YOU KIDS WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE! BUT, MISTER KNUCKLES, SANTA CLAUS DOESN'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE.



IF YOU SAY SANTA CLAUS WILL COME HERE, THEN WE'LL STAY!

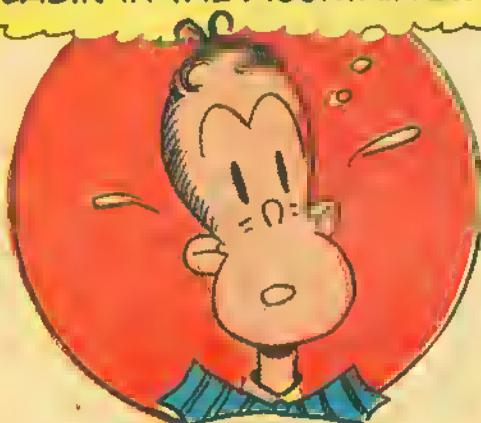
YOU HANG UP YOUR STOCKING TOO, MISTER KNUCKLES!



SLEEP TIGHT... SANTA CLAUS WON'T FORGET TWO SUCH GOOD BOYS!



MAYBE THE KIDS ARE RIGHT... MAYBE SANTA CLAUS WON'T FIND THIS LITTLE CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS...



SO I'LL DIG UP ALL MY OLD TOYS AND DRESS THIS TREE ALL BY MYSELF!



BIG SHOT

IT'S AMAZING HOW FAST
I TRIMMED THE TREE!
— IF I HAD A LADDER
TO PUT UP THIS STAR,
I'D BE FINISHED!

HERE—LET
ME DO IT!

FAINT!

MY! MY! I HAVE
A HELPER IN
THIS HOUSE!

YOU MEAN
ME, BOSS!

I'LL LEAVE HIM AN
EXTRA PRESENT FOR
BEING SO GENEROUS
TO THE KIDS!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
MISTER
KNUCKLES!

LOOK HOW FULL
SANTA CLAUS
FILLED YOUR
STOCKING!

One Exciting Night

By MART BAILEY

AT THAT MOMENT when Good Old Bumpy and Jack Beerymore were scampering like activated monkeys down the flower-potted and stocking-draped firescape, Fate, who enjoys complicating human affairs, ordained that a pear-shaped policeman named Officer Stanislaus O'Ketchup should be walking down West Ache Street. Officer O'Ketchup also was an author.

"Suspicious characters" hardly described the creatures hurtling down the iron ladders, thought Officer O'Ketchup. They were looney phantoms out of a nightmare. Stanislaus passed a hand over his eyes. But the two bewhiskered creatures would not be rubbed away: they were clambering helter-skelter down the fire-escape; and as the sole representative of Law and Order on West Ache Street, it behooved him to do something about it.

Officer O'Ketchup found himself brandishing a revolver and acting like the patrolman in a story he had dashed off a few nights previous. This discovery frightened him very much. Naturally a timid man, like most writers, he performed his most daring deeds on paper. But his flapper-like feet carried him forward, and he was within fifty feet of the fire-escape when the two weird creatures dropped noisily into the abyss of ashcans. They reappeared an instant later on the street, and Stanislaus was shocked by his own voice yelling, "HALT!"

His command took immediate effect. The two fugitives hesitated no longer. They leaped like grasshoppers and raced down the block to put distance between themselves and Officer O'Ketchup.

At this point, the author-policeman's revolver began exploding of its own volition.

To Good Old Bumpy and his trackmate, Jack Beerymore, the block seemed interminably long. But neither thought of calling off the race. One doesn't when pursued by whistling bullets.

Gaining the shelter of the corner building, they paused for breath, and Good Old Bumpy curiously poked his head beyond the wall to see who was shooting at them.

Ping! A bullet rang against the Mercury helmet.

Good Old Bumpy quickly withdrew his head. "Ratsoff must have posted one of his triggermen outside to cut off our escape," he told the panting actor. "You hold him off while I hail this taxi."

Jack Beerymore fumbled in his billowy pantaloons for the pistol with which he had practised his marksmanship on Don Gilholly, his pal who wrote the famous Broadway column. Then, with the quiet satisfaction of one achieving a secret ambition, he extended his head beyond the corner and raised the glittering pistol. As an actor he was forever being cast as a suave crook or a sophisticated playboy, but all his life he had wanted to play the role of Dead-Eye Dick.

Bang!

The first report that cracked through the night Officer O'Ketchup thought merely a belated echo of his own shots. But when something hot and whistling creased his ear, and the pudgy policeman realized that the other team was going to bat, he dumped his avordupois into the nearest alley.

Jack Beerymore grunted and reluctantly lowered the pistol.

"Poor visibility," he muttered.

But Good Old Bumpy did not hear. He was standing on the curbstone hailing a taxi.

"Wh-where to?" stammered the cabby.

Good Old Bumpy shoved Dead-Eye Dick into the back seat.

"To my Shore Road castillo," he said royally, ". . . the refuge of ham and egotistical actors!"

"HOW do you spell ameliorate?" inquired Don Gilholly, whose Broadway column caused more eggs and bacon to be thrown across the breakfast table than any other syndicated newspaper feature in America. He was tack-tacking at a portable typewriter under the desk lamp in Good Old Bumpy's study. The question was directed to Randolph, the butler, who sat opposite with a hand resting on the open pages of a huge dictionary.

Randolph massaged his weary eyes. For the past two hours he had been drafted as a word-hunter for the noted columnist, who could if pressed just about spell his own name, provided you gave him a second chance; and Randolph was fatigued by long and fruitless search for words which Don Gilholly invented out of his own ignorance.

"A-m-e-l-i-o-r-a-t-e," he spelled, without resorting to the dictionary, and mildly wondered how Don Gilholly would work that one into his Broadway column.

BIG SHOT

Don Gilholly pecked out a few telegraphic clauses—and the column was finished. Don leaned back in the swivel chair and, yawning more widely than necessary, languidly stretched his long limbs. He thought how cleverly he had covered his retreat from the Ratsoff mob. Not even his secretary knew his whereabouts, though he phoned her twice a day; the first time, to collect material for his paragraphs; the second time to read aloud the fruits of his labor, so she could take it down in shorthand and thence relay it to the syndicate. He was about to make the second call now; and Randolph, knowing what was coming, rose hurriedly to his feet to betake himself elsewhere.

"Hold on!" said Don Gilholly. "Mix me a drink. And stay while I phone this copy to my secretary. She's a bad speller, too."

Randolph groaned as he moved towards the two long windows between which the liquor wagon was set.

The night being warm, these windows were open, and Randolph, as he performed his magic with the cocktail shaker, commanded a view of the lawn below. Thus it was that he caught sight of something that looked like a zebra moving furtively through the foliage.

Then the striped thing stepped into the clearing and the moonlight shone upon a bewhiskered sailor who wore an outrageous sweater.

Randolph, seeing these furtive movements, smiled. He recognized the marks of the housebreaker, and, remembering his previous experience with one of that ilk, when he beamed the unfortunate thief with a battle-axe, he knew that there was fun ahead.

Tiptoeing to the desk, he touched Don Gilholly upon the shoulder, causing that young man to leap a good four inches in his seat.

"There's a housebreaker downstairs," whispered the butler, and Don Gilholly bettered his former effort by a good three inches.

"Butzy Ratsoff! ejaculated the columnist.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS IF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF BIG SHOT, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917.

State of New York
County of New York
ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared FRANK J. MARKEY, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the BIG SHOT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 21, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 527, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, NONE.

Managing Editor, THOMAS DE ANGELO, 389 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Business Manager, FRANK J. MARKEY, 389 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock, if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Columbia Comic Corporation, 389 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Names V. McDonald, R. F. D. No. 4, Greenwich, Conn.

Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

Frank J. Mackey, 389 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above,

Through the quiet came the ominous grating of the front door lock.

"They got a key!"

"Not necessarily," answered Randolph, to whom the methods of housebreakers were an open book. "They may be picking the lock with a gimmick. But now we must act. Follow me."

Don was disposed to do nothing of the sort. He preferred the simpler strategy of crawling under a bed. But Randolph, having taken his favorite mace from the wall, was already moving to the fray, and if he didn't want to be left at the mercy of any second-story worker, he must follow.

It was long past midnight, and the only lights in the house were that in the study and a jaundiced glow in the vestibule downstairs.

Just as Randolph and the columnist reached the stairs, other feet padded softly on the lower steps and Randolph's keen ears caught the adhesion of hands upon the bannister. There was more than one housebreaker—the zebra man had an accomplice, and both were sneaking upstairs.

Randolph, however, was equal to the occasion. He leaned over the balustrade, mace poised high, until he sensed in the darkness that the first housebreaker was within range. The mace arched downward.

"WHONG-G-G-G-G-G-G-G!" A sudden metallic clamor swelled through the house, like the unpleasant gong that formerly introduced radio dramas of Oriental villainy. A pistol shot cracked through the din of yells and thuds as the two housebreakers hurtled noisily into space.

"Heaven help me!" screamed Don Gilholly, recognizing the voice of one of the housebreakers. "It's Jack Beerymore!"

And, taking with him the butler's coat-tails, he followed the strategy he regretted not having undertaken earlier. He ran to his room and hid under the bed.

giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, and also and only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person so corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements epheading affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest illegal or illegal in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANK J. MARKEY,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948.

ELIZABETH C. REMLEIN
Notary Public in the State of New York,
Residing in Kings County,

Kings Co. Clik's No. 385; Reg. No. 457-R-8
N. Y. Co. Clik's No. 381; Reg. No. 455-R-8
Commission Expires March 30, 1948.

The

SKYMAN

By Oden Whitney

ALLAN!
WAIT--
COME BACK!

Le Seur
de Paris
CALON

EVIDENTLY ALLAN'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE, FOR HE HASN'T HEARD FAWN'S FRANTIC CRY-- NOR DID HE HEAR THAT RAMBLING WRECK RATTLE INTO HIS VACATED PARKING SPACE. JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THAT JALOPY FOR ITS DAFFY DRIVER IS DESTINED TO GIVE ALLAN THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME, IN THE STORY OF THE

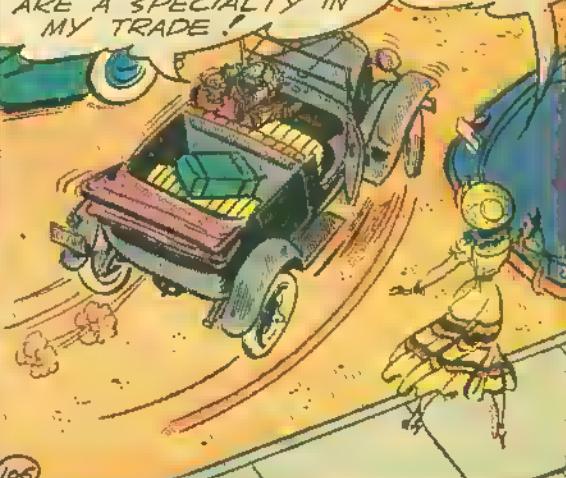
"CORRESPONDENCE COURSE DETECTIVE"

MY PURSE--I LEFT IT IN THE CAR! HMPH, RECKON THERE'S SOME DIRTY DOINGS
MY PROPOSED PERMANENT AT THE GOIN' ON 'ROUND H'YAR!
BEAUTY PARLOR'LL HAVE TO BE PURCHASED ON THE
"EASY CREDIT PLAN"!



I'LL GIT HIM, MA'M! PURSE SNATCHERS ARE A SPECIALTY IN MY TRADE!

HUH?



BIG SHOT

AND SECONDS LATER, THE FOUR CYLINDER COWBOY CATCHES UP WITH ALLAN TURNER . . .

WHOA UP THERE! IF YOU'RE IN I WANNA HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU, PARDNER!

THE MARKET TO TRADE CARS, LET'S JUST ZEKE!



I'LL SPEAK TH' REST O' MY PIECE WITH THIS PISTOL, YOU PURSE PILFERER! NOW HEAD BACK' TO THET BEAUTY SALOON!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY! THAT CANNON MAY BE CORNY, BUT IT'S CONVINCING!



AND BACK AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR . . .

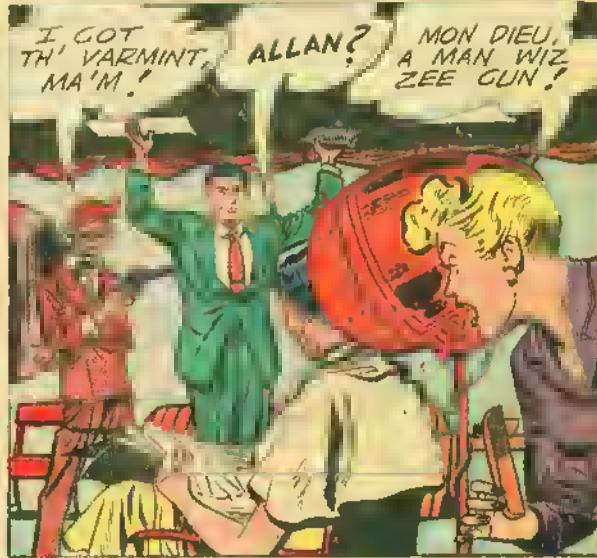
LOOK ZEKE, I TELL A LIKELY STORY, DIDN'T EVEN SLICKER! JIST KNOW I HAD MARCH AHEAD INTA THIS PURSE!

MARCH AHEAD INTA THAT HAIR FIXIN' PLACE! AN' TH' NAME'S SILAS HAYSTOCK!



I GOT TH' VARMINT, ALLAN? MA'M!

MON DIEU, A MAN WIZ ZEE GUN!



JIST GIVE TH' ER--I THINK WE'LL SAYSO AN' I'LL GIVE THE "HEEL" HOOTIE THIS ONE MORE CHANCE, HEEL AN' HAUL SORT OF PUT HIM TO TH' LOCK-UP, LADY!

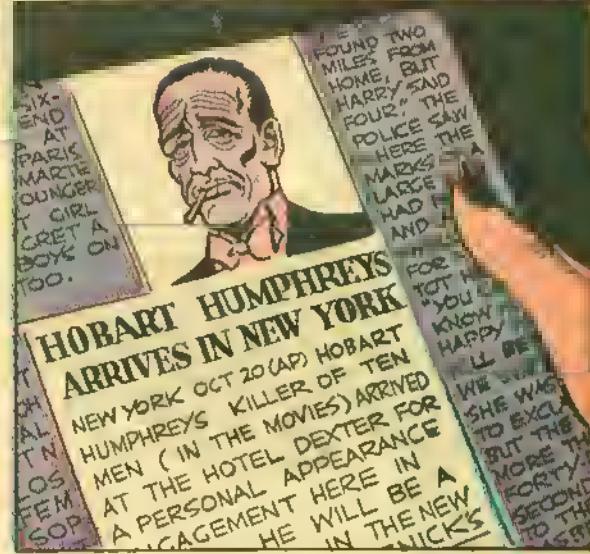
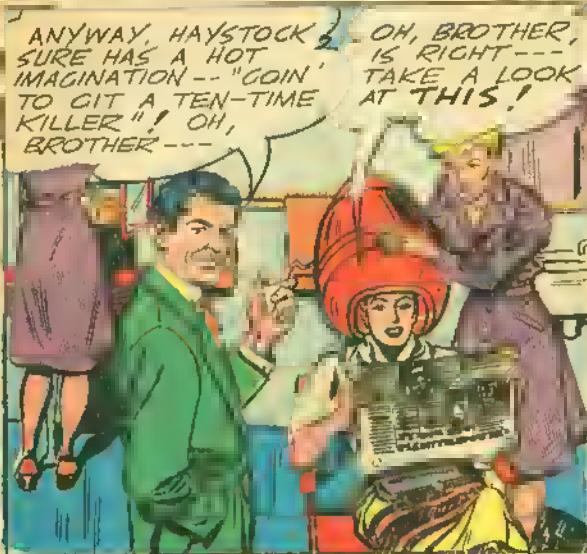


WAL, ANYTIME YOU NEED A LITTLE DETECTIN' JIST LOOK UP SILAS HAYSTOCK! RIGH NOW I'M FIXIN' TO GIT A TEN-TIME KILLER! HE'S DOWN AT THE HOTEL DEXTER!

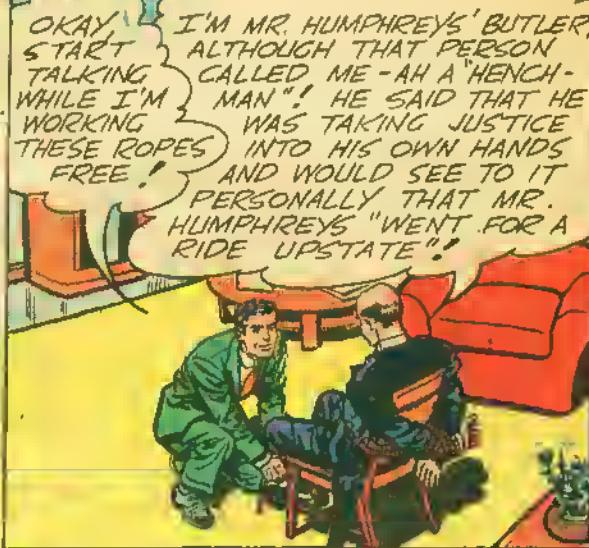
OKAY, SILAS, I SAVE ALL MY VILLAINS FOR YOU!



BIG SHOT

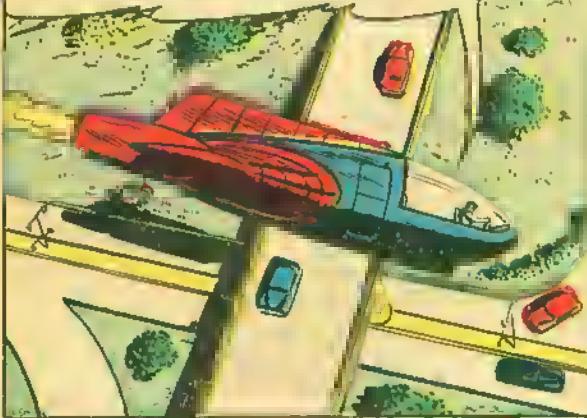


BIG SHOT

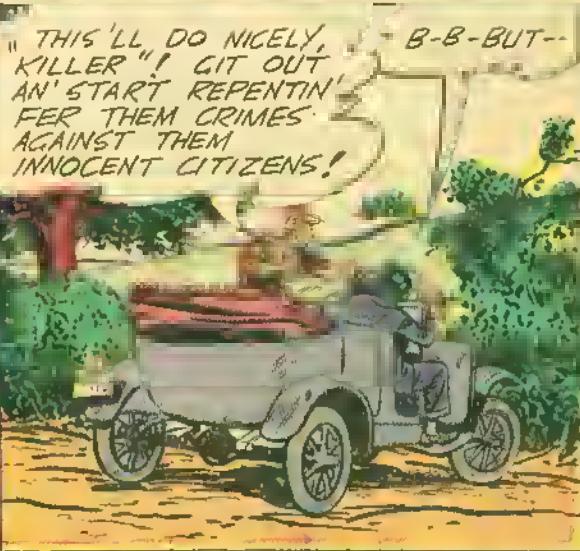
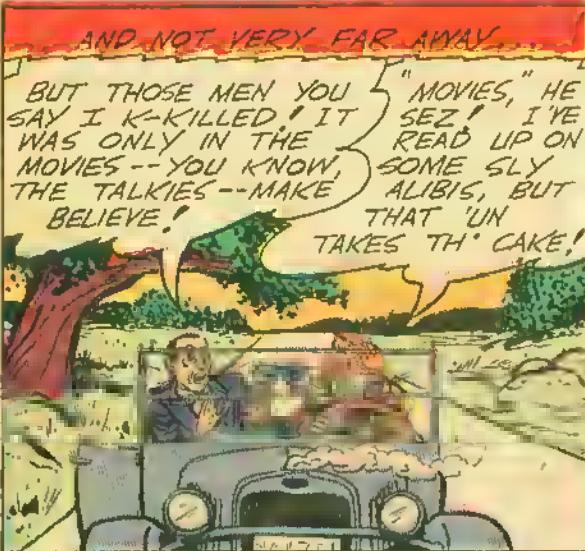


BIG SHOT

HMM, HAYSTACK'S HARDER
TO FIND THAN THE PROVERBAL
NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK! SEE
IF I CAN PICK UP ANYTHING ON
THE SHORT WAVE SET!



ATTENTION--ALL CARS--
VEHICLE BEARING EARLIER
DESCRIPTION WAS SEEN
TURNING INTO INTO
HIGHWAY 30 --PROCEED!
THANKS,
SERGEANT
30 IT IS!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



WHERE HAS TONY TRENT BEEN THESE PAST MONTHS?... IN THE TROUBLE SPOTS OF EUROPE, BACK AT HIS OLD JOB AS ACE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

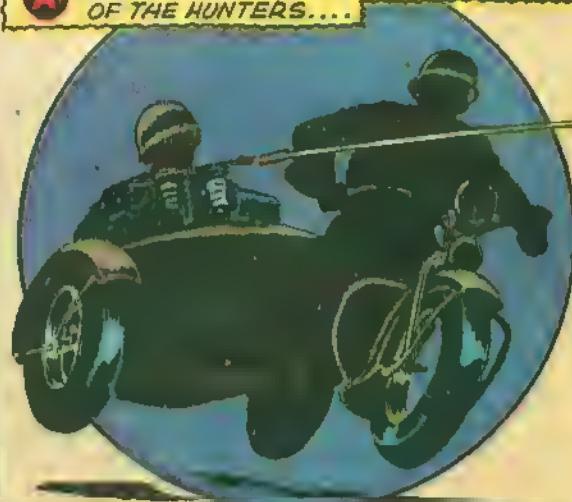
110.



FAMILIAR SOUNDS IN MIDDLE EUROPE, THESE DREAD SOUNDS THAT PULL TONY TRENT TO HIS WINDOW...THE QUICK, FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS OF THE HUNTED...



AND THE CHATTERING MACHINE-GUN FIRE OF THE HUNTERS....



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

GENERAL ZAYUSHIN!

YOU - YOU ARE A NATIONAL HERO - WHY ARE THOSE SOLDIERS - YOUR OWN MEN - HUNTING YOU?

IT'S A LONG STORY... THOSE MEN ARE SECRET POLICE...

MY GOVERNMENT ORDERED ME TO RETURN HOME... AFTER SEEING HOW THE REST OF THE WORLD LIVES, PARTICULARLY THE UNITED STATES, I COULDN'T RETURN - NOT WITHOUT AN ARMY TO OVERTHROW THE TYRANTS WHO MAKE THEIR OWN PEOPLE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF THEIR VICIOUS PHILOSOPHY.... I DID NOT FIND IT AS DIFFICULT AS YOU MIGHT THINK TO ENLIST THOUSANDS OF MY MEN SECRETLY....

ONCE WE STRUCK, MILLIONS WOULD HAVE FOUGHT WITH US FOR FREEDOM... DESPITE THE EVIL CLIQUE THAT SUPPOSEDLY REPRESENTS US, MY PEOPLE ARE FUNDAMENTALLY GOOD... ANYWAY, THE SECRET POLICE DISCOVERED OUR PLOT, POUNCED UPON US...

COME WITH ME... WE'LL SEE HOW MY GOVERNMENT CAN HELP YOU... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT AT YALTA YOUR GOVERNMENT AGREED TO RETURN ALL DESERTERS TO THEIR OWN OFFICIALS? ... FOR ME THAT WOULD MEAN CERTAIN LIQUIDATION!

I AM AFRAID YOU CAN DO NOTHING. BUT ACCORD MY GRATITUDE... I GO... WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils, with more production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on to you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible of this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

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Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS

\$169

IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You



3 ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guaranteed. Ready ink flow . . . always moist point writes ininitely . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 Indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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Yet, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new-day is here in writing instrument value!

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Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifelike plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most dazzling value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

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ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Please print clearly . . . Avoid mistakes)

SEND TO NAME

ADDRESS

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Amazing **FLOWER BALLS** BURST INTO LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN DISPLAY



PETUNIAS
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FLOWERS

NO SOIL... NO DIRT NO PLANTING... NO FUSS

Yes... these amazing Flower Balls burst into a colorful, bright flower garden almost like magic. All you do is place them in a bowl and water. No fuss... no dirt... no planting. Then right in your own home... PRESTO! Gorgeous Petunias, Morning Glories, Sunshine Flowers, Calendulas, and Cosmos burst forth in all the glorious colors of the rainbow. Imagine having your favorite flowers bloom, even in the dead of winter! These amazing Flower Balls contain tested seed, Wisconsin Spaghnum Moss, and balanced plant food. Order NOW!

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EXTRA! FOR PROMPT ACTION

If you order NOW we will send you at no extra cost, a package of special plant life for indoor use. You can make 6 gallons of balanced plant food when you mix this package with water. Keeps your plants vigorous and healthy.

ORDER TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY Just fill in and mail coupon. When your Flower Balls arrive pay postman only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage for 3 Assorted Flower Balls (6 for \$1.69). If they do not develop to your complete satisfaction, return for money back. Order TODAY.

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Please rush Flower Balls as checked below plus package of special plant life for prompt action. On arrival I'll pay postman plus C. O. D. postage. If not completely satisfied I may return for money back.

3 Flower Balls \$1.00 6 Flower Balls \$1.69

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Cash enclosed. You pay postage.

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